your labour, your wife (so I would say) your affectionate seruant
and for you her owne for *Venter*, *Gonorill*.
Edg. O Indistinguisht space of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my brother heere in the sands,
Thee ile rake vp, the post vnsanctified
Of murtherous leachers, and in the mature time,
With this vngratious paper strike the sight
Of the death practis'd Duke, for him tis well,
That of thy death and businesse I can tell.
Glost. The King is mad, how stiffe is my vild sence,
That I stand vp and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorowes, better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be fenced from my griefes,
And woes by wrong imaginations loose
The knowledge of themselues. *A drum a farre off.*
Edg. Giue me your hand far off me thinks I heare the beaten
Come father ile bestow you with a friend. *Exit.* (drum,
Enter Cordelia, Kent and Doctor. (thy goodnes,
Cord. O thou good *Kent* how shall I liue and worke to match
My life will be too short and euery measure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowlegd madame is ore payd,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.
Cor. Be better suited these weeds are memories of those
Worser howers, I prithe put them off.
Kent. Pardon me deere madame,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I thinke meete.
Cord. Then beet so, my good Lord how does the king.
Doct. Madame sleepes still. (nature,
Cord. O you kind Gods cure this great breach in his abused
The vntund and hurrying sences, O wind vp
Of this child changed father.
Doct. So please your Maiestie that we may wake the king,
He hath slept long.
Cord. Be gouernd by your knowledge and proceed,

Ith

Ith sway of your owne will, is he arayd,
Doct. I madam, in the heauinesse of his sleepe,
We put fresh garments on him,
Gent. Good madam be by, when we do awake him
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cord. Very well.
Doct. Please you draw neere, louder the musicke there,
Cor. O my deer father restoratiō hang thy medicin on my lips,
And let this kis repaire those violent harmes that my two sisters
Haue in thy reuerence made.
Kent. Kind and deere Princesse,
Cord. Had you not bene their father these white flakes,
Had challengd pitie of them, was this a face
To be exposd against the warring winds,
To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick crosse lightning to watch poore *Perdu*,
With this thin helme mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, should haue stood that night
Against my fire, and wast thou faine poore father,
To houill thee with swine and rogues forlorne,
In short and mustie straw, alack, alack,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all, he wakes speake to him.
Doct. Madam do you, tis fittest.
Cord. How does my royall Lord, how fares your maiestie.
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out ath graue,
Thou art a soule in blisse, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scald like molten lead.
Cord. Sir know me,
Lear. Yar a spirit I know, where did you dye.
Cord. Still, still, farre wide.
Doct. Hees scarce awake, let him alone a while.
Lear. Where haue I bene, where am I faire day light,
I am mightily abusd, I should ene dye with pitie,
To see another thus, I know not what to say,
I will not sweare these are my hands, lets see,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[5]) Octavo